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Poetry.

THE DYING MOTHER.

We were weeping round her pillow,
For we knew that she must die;
It was night within our bosoms—
It was night upon the sky.

There were seven of us children,
I, the eldest one of all;
So I tried to whisper comfort,
But the blinding tears would fall.

On my knees my little brother
Leaned his aching brow and wept;
And my sister's long black tresses
O'er my heaving bosom swept.

The shadow of an awful fear
Came o'er me as I trod,
To lay the burden of our grief
Before the throne of God.

"Oh! be kind to one another,"
Was the mother's pleading prayer,
As her hand lay like a snow-flake,
On the baby's golden hair.

Then a glory round her forehead,
Like the glory of a crown,
And in the silent sea of death
The star of life went down.

Her last breath was borne away,
Upon that loving prayer;
And the hand grew heavier—paler,
In the baby's golden hair.

Selected Story.

A RACE WITH DEATH.

—:o:—

"Sir, you're an ass!"

"Sir, I'm not; I came here to sue for your daughter's hand, and"—

"And you expect me to give my daughter to a man who, whatever may be his other qualities, has not a copper in the world to bless himself with?"

"I know I have no money at present, sir, but I have hopes"—

"A pretty thing to begin housekeeping on! Supposing you were married to-morrow, do you wish to live or die the day after?"

"Live, sir, of course."

"Why of course? To live you want food; if you want food, you want money; and as you have no money you would get no food; and no food means starvation! Do you see that, sir?"

"Yes, sir; but"—

"But! There's no but in the case. Now take a bit of advice from me, Mortimer, as one of your father's oldest friends. Go and earn a living; and when you can show me that you can support my daughter if I give her to you—mind you, *if*—I shall be ready to talk to you. Good morning. Bah!" and the testy but good natured old gentleman stumped out of the room, leaving me speechless sitting on the edge of a chair with my hat in hand. All my hopes had been ruthlessly dashed to the ground. I had expected to argue the point with Mr. Clavering as Bessie, his daughter, had assured me that it would be all right if I only put the matter properly before him. We had mutually agreed that he would be sure to give his consent, and had laid no end of plans for the future, in which everything but the question of money had been exhaustively considered. The abrupt manner in which this had now been brought disconcerted me not a little, and I left the room not quite so certain that I did not resemble that generally good-natured but otherwise unreliable quadruped to which Mr. Clavering had likened me in the course of our conversation.

At the door I met Bessie, with an expression of mingled anxiety and curiosity on her countenance.

"Well, Jack, what did papa say?"

"That I was an ass, Bessie!"

"Oh, I hope you did not quarrel. I was afraid there was something wrong, as I heard him ordering deviled kidneys for lunch, and he never does that without he's in a passion."

"Bessie, the old gentleman asked me how we were going to live."

Well, did you not tell him in a little cottage, with a garden in front, and a piggery, and a kitchen-garden, and a fowl-house and a little dairy, and—"

"Yes, yes; but that's not what he meant. He wanted to know where all the money was to come from to pay for all this."

"Why, you were to provide the money, of course. You were to earn it."

"Certainly; but your father wanted to know how."

"How? Well, you would—there now, you ought to know best, surely. Don't you?"

"No, I do not, Bessie, and I think we ought to have thought of this before."

"Jack, I don't wonder papa got in a passion with you, you're so stupid. I have a great mind to get angry with you myself."

"But sweetheart, don't you really think we ought to have considered how we were going to buy what we wanted?"

"That was your business, not mine; and Jack, if you look at me like that I'll box your ears."

"No, you won't! I think you're all in a very bad temper this morning."

"Do you? Now I tell you what it is Mr. Jack. Till you find out how we're going to get money to live on I won't have anything more to say or to do with you at all.—Don't come near me now. I don't love you a bit; I never shall, and I never did! And, Jack when you have found out how you'll come and tell me first, won't you?" And away dashed Bessie, leaving me at the garden gate, to which we had walked during our conversation.

It was a lovely spring morning. All nature seemed in ecstacy at the prospect of approaching summer. I alone was sad. I could not help feeling that I had made a mistake, and that I must have lowered myself considerably in the estimation of old Mr. Clavering by appearing so thoughtless and inconsiderate. True, I was but nineteen, and having lost my father early, had been brought up and educated by my mother alone, and so perhaps had rather less knowledge of the world than I should have acquired had I been sent to a public school or to the university. My position was by no means a bad one. The only son of a distinguished military officer, who was not wealthy, but left what little he had to his widow during her lifetime. I might be said to have possessed a good education, and what was, perhaps better, good prospects. I had been invited by Mr. Clavering, who was an old military comrade of my father's to spend a month with him at his residence at Morecombe Bay. During my stay I had learned first to like and then to love his daughter Bessie, and when my visit approached its termination had not only declared my love, but had asked permission to marry, with what result is known. Having been always tolerably well supplied with money, I had never yet been brought face to face with the great educator of humanity—the necessity of earning one's bread—and was, therefore, rather ignorant of some of the principal duties of life than unmindful of them. The bluff, common-sense of Bessie's father had compelled me to consider matters from a practical point of view, and I was now perhaps more angry with myself than with any one else. I walked on but finally resolved to return to the cottage and saddle Moro for a ride. Moro had been my father's charger, and had been left me, with particular instructions as to his care. He was a splendid horse of jet black color, of enormous strength. By the kindness of my host I had been allowed to bring him with me, and many a pleasant ride had I had on his back with Bessie Clavering.

As I re-entered the pleasant garden attached to the cottage I strove in vain to catch a glimpse of Bessie, and reached the stable without having met anybody but the old gardener, who saluted me with the usual "How 'de dó, Sur?" I was soon by the side of Moro, who gave a neigh of delight as I entered. It did not take me long to put on his saddle, and as I left the yard I learned from the old groom that Miss Clavering had ridden out alone about a quarter of an hour before me. I was certainly much chagrined at this, and made several mental resolves to be fully revenged as soon as I could get a convenient opportunity. I turned down a lane that led to the bridle-path along the top of the cliff, and letting the reins fall over Moro's neck, abandoned myself to building castles in the air, in the erection of which Bessie took a very prominent part. The spot was admirably adapted to meditation. To my left a small wood, through the breaks in which glimpses of the rising upland were caught every now and then, straight ahead a broad expanse of purple heather, and to my right the rugged steep cliffs, at the foot of which lay a vast tract of sand, as the sea, owing to the flat shore, retires a distance of nearly four miles; far away in the distance the bright dancing waters, with a sail or two in sight, and over the whole a glorious expanse of blue, across which the light morning air blew a few white scudding clouds.

Some three and a half miles from the shore there extended right along the coast a low sand-bank, which was at once a source of pleasure and danger to the inhabitants and the fishermen. When the tide flowed the sea beat against the bank for some time, till at last with an angry roar, it surmounted the obstacle and came tearing down the incline like a very avalanche. Many accidents resulting in loss of life had taken place, owing to the ignorance and carelessness of tourists and others, who, lulled into a state of fancied security by the distance of the sea, would wander about on the sands till overtaken by the tide, when they were placed, as it were in an instant, beyond human assistance, and were invariably lost. Danger signals and notices had been put up in every prominent position by the authorities, who were accustomed also at the turning of the tide to fire a signal-gun; but, with all that, the sands were so tempting, and the very breeze that wafted across them so delicious, that a day seldom passed without some party or other, generally mounted, venturing upon them. As I looked down I could see nothing but a solitary speck in the distance, which I soon after made out, through a little pocket-glass I always carried, to be a person on horseback cantering along. I paid no particular attention at the time and continued my way, gathering up the reins as Moro broke into a gentle trot. I was now on the edge of the cliffs, where a single false step would at once have precipitated me on the sands below, and consequently, although Moro was wonderfully sure-footed and well acquainted with the path, I moved along with considerable caution. The beauty of the scene and the exercise soon dispelled the gloominess that had oppressed me, and as my blood began to circulate more quickly my spirits rose and I commenced to sing right merrily. The path now took a sudden turn by a deep gorge, and as I did not wish to go round it, a distance of nearly a mile, I resolved to put Moro across it; so patting him gently on the neck, for I never touched him with spur or whip. I called to him; the noble old horse understood me at once, and increased his speed. On we went, the pace getting faster and faster, till, at the gorge, Moro rose with a splendid bound and alighted safely on the other side. I now got a full view of the sands again, and found that I was considerably nearer the person on horseback below—in fact, that we had been moving toward one another. At that moment Moro suddenly stopped, and tossing his head in the air, gave a loud neigh. Somewhat astonished at this proceeding, I looked more carefully, and perceived by the flutter of the dress that the person on horseback was a lady. I became more interested, and taking out my glass, discovered that it was no other than Bessie, who had been cantering along on the sands on a mare that her father had lately bought her. Moro had no doubt recognized his stable companion. I debated with myself whether I should return, and by taking a short cut, meet her on her way home, in order to upbraid her with her misconduct in going out alone. While I was cogitating, Moro uttered a snort of alarm. I looked and beheld a sight that for the moment took away my breath. From some cause or other Bessie's horse appeared to have taken fright and became unmanageable; all at once it tore away like the wind in the direction of the sea. At the same moment I heard the distant boom of the signal-gun which announced that the tide was just about to turn. The full horror of the situation now flashed across me; unless the mare could be stopped in time, my love would be overtaken by the sea, and lost before my eyes. A cold chill took possession of me, and for a moment I sat motionless. Bessie's figure was already becoming smaller as she was borne rapidly onward. "Now or never, Moro!" I said, as I rose in the stirraps; and the gallant old horse seemed to understand me, for he impatiently pawed the air with his fore-feet. The next thing was how to get upon the sands. "The gorge! oh, the gorge!" I touched Moro, and in a few seconds we had reached it. It was a frightful declivity, and the descent seemed impossible; yet it was my only chance, and I determined to make the attempt. Carefully, and with the greatest caution, I guided Moro, and after a few moments of agonized suspense gained the sand. I knew I had only one course before me—to pursue the mare and then attempt to race the tide. "Moro!" I shouted, "Moro! we ride to save my love!" Moro shook himself as if he knew what a tremendous effort was demanded of him, and settled down to his work. By this time Bessie was quite half the distance toward the sea. Would I reach her in time? In order to lighten the weight, I threw away my overcoat, my hat, coat and waistcoat. I called upon Moro; he seemed to fly. We were gaining upon the mare evidently, but still the awful question rose to my lips: "Would it be in time?" I could already hear the roar and surge of the waters, and the rising wind warned me that the tide would that morning probably exceed its usual height. My blood was thoroughly up. I determined to either save my love or to perish with her. We were now but half a mile apart. I shouted till I was hoarse, but all to no effect, for the wind was dead in our faces. Moro seemed to participate in my excitement, and strained every nerve to overtake the mare. We were not more than two hundred yards distant from the sand bank against which the waves were dashing with unwonted force. Another second and the mare would have passed the bank, be overwhelmed by the raging waters, and all would be lost. I screamed in my agony. I thought I heard a low wail in response. I shut my eyes, as I could not bear to look, but opened them again immediately, as Moro gave a whinny of pleasure. "Ah! what is that?" The mare had stumbled and thrown Bessie, and then plunged wildly in her terror and fury into the waves. In an instant I was alongside my love, had dismounted and was kneeling by her. "Bessie! Bessie! oh my darling, are you dead? Oh, speak to me! speak to me!" After a few moments, which seemed to me an age of torture, she opened her eyes and said, faintly: "Jack, my best beloved, save yourself; the tide will be over the bank in a second or two. Give my love to dear papa." Then, exhausted, she fell back in a dead faint. I tore my hair in despair; I raved like a madman. What could I do? At last I became calmer, for a desperate resolve had taken possession of me. Moro should have a double burden, and we would try and outstrip the tide; we would race with death. I soon placed my darling across the saddle, and leaped up behind her as the first spray came flashing over the bank. I knew not an instant was to be lost. We started for the shore. I patted Moro. I said to him, "Moro, you bore my father through the ranks of death at Balaklava. Oh, save his son!" To add to my agony I now perceived that a storm was impending. The sky was overcast; heavy drops of rain began to fall, and every now and then a lurid flash lit up the darling air. We were now but two miles from the shore, and if I could only reach the gorge in time, I knew we were saved. I called again upon Moro. The noble horse for the first time uttered sighs of distress. A new terror now seized me—would Moro's strength last? I turned and looked, and through the blinding rain saw, to my horror, that the sea was already breaking over the bank. It would be upon us almost directly. I urged Moro on afresh, but the poor animal appeared unable to increase his speed. Boom! boom! "Ah! what is that? Thank God, we have been observed, and they are hastening to our help! The signal-gun! "Moro, my Moro, but a few seconds longer!" We tore along. Bessie still lay insensible in my arms. The cliffs now rose frowning before us. Another hundred yards and we are saved. "On Moro, on! I hear the roar of the descending tide." Once more I turned, and as the lightning flashed, I saw the water raging and surging almost at the horse's heels. At that moment Moro staggered. The sea was upon us and over us. I heard a ringing in my ears. I gave one last, one agonized shriek, and remembered no more.

I awoke and found myself in a warm bed, surrounded by compassionate faces. Mr. Clavering came forward, "You must not excite yourself, my boy," he said. "Bessie is well."

"And Moro?" I asked.

"Is well too," he said.

Do you want to know whether I married Bessie? If you do, go to Morecombe Bay, ask for the Hawthorne's and maybe you'll see an old black military charger, almost blind, with two or three curly-headed little urchins on his back, all laughing and clapping their hands as he carries them daintily up and down the path.

"John," said a doating parent to her gormandizing son, "do you really think you can eat the whole of the pudding with impunity?" "I don't know, ma," answered the young hopeful; "but I guess I can with a spoon."

"The wind's getting round," remarked Bibbs to his friend Buggins the other day, when it changed from east to west. "Glad of it," replied Buggins, "it's been sharp long enough."

There is a time for all things. The time to leave is when a young laby asks you what sort of a day it is for walking.

Why do honest ducks dip their heads under the water? To liquidate their little bills.

Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius.—*Gibbon.*

Who is it who is always expecting quarter, and yet never gives any?—The tax-gatherer.

Miscellaneous.

THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

TRUTH ABOUT THE FAMOUS CHARGE "INTO THE MOUTH OF HELL."

At last we have a historical blunder gracefully corrected and a handsome defense of a brave soldier whose name has under been a cloud. It has been popularly decided that Captain Louis Nolan, of Lord Raglan's staff, being an impetuous soldier, purposely misconstrued the actual meaning of an order which he carried into an authorization of the senseless sacrifice of the Light Brigade, and that his only excuse was that he was the first man killed in the charge. Lance Poynts, in the Galaxy, after reviewing the topography of the battle-field and the position of the forces, says:

As it was, matters stood thus when Nolan left Raglan, bearing the "fourth order." The Russians were clustered on two hills, the English and French cavalry stood looking on. Lucan was in his usual nervous, irritable state, when the gallop of a horse was heard.—A tall, slender young officer, with a trim figure and black mustache, was coming down a steep descent at full speed, with a white envelope stuck in his belt; and every eye was on him in a moment.

It was Captain Nolan, in his scarlet shell-jacket, a little forage cap set on one side of his dark curls, his face full of joy and eagerness.

An audible murmur went through the ranks.

"Orders come! Nolan's the boy that'll show us the way to move." For Nolan was well known and universally beloved.

In another moment he had dashed up and saluted; then handed his letter to Lord Lucan.—The cavalry General tore it open with the nervous haste characteristic of every movement of his lordship. When he read it over, his countenance changed. Then his lordship broke out something in this style:

"Way, good heaven's, sir, what can he mean. With the little force at our command we can hardly hold our own, much less advance. It is perfectly suicidal. How can we advance?"

Nolan's eye began to blaze. He had just come from the high ground whence the whole Russian position could be seen at a glance.—Knowing that his order contemplated the doubling back of the Russian columns and saving the guns in the redoubts, he was impatient of the pragmatical objection of this captious old man.

In a stern, distinct tone he spoke to Lord Lucan:

"Lord Raglan's orders are that the cavalry should attack immediatdly."

"Attack, sir?" cried Lucan angrily. "Attack what? What guns, sir?"

Nolan threw his head back indignantly, and pointed to the Causeway Ridge, where the Russians were busily at work trying to haul away the captured guns. The group was standing at the right of the north valley.

"There, my Lord, is your enemy, and there are your guns."

The Captain forgot that he was talking to an excitable and impracticable man. Wrong headed Lucan chose to fancy that he pointed to the end of the valley, and with all the obstinacy of his nature kept to the error.

"Very well, sir, very well," he said angrily.

"This order shall be obeyed. I wash my hands of it."

He wheeled his horse and trotted off to where Cardigan sat in front of his brilliant lines gnawing his gray mustache and chafing over his inaction.

Then said wrong-headed Lucan:

"Lord Cardigan, you will attack the Russians in the valley."

The Earl dropped his sword in salute.

"Certainly, my Lord; but allow me to point out to you that there is a battery in front, a battery on each flank, and the ground is covered with Russian riflemen."

"I can't help it," said Lucan, snappishly; "it is Lord Raglan's positive order that the light brigade is to attack the enemy. We have no choice but to obey."

Then Cardigan bowed his head.

"Very well, my Lord," was all he said. Then turning to his staff, "The brigade will advance," he said quietly.

Meantime, Nolan, after his sharp passage of arms with the division commander, had ridden off to the light brigade himself, where he was cheerfully talking to his sworn comrade and friend, Captain Morris, of the Seventeenth lancers. Now that he had maintained his position as mouth-piece of the commander-in-chief, against the impudent, fault-finding of Lucan, he felt happy. His beloved cavalry was to be launched at last on this glorious mission against the Causeway Ridge, and already D'Allonville was preparing to assault the other flank of the Russians.

Who can wonder that enthusiastic Nolan told Morris that he was going to see the brigade through the charge? It was his privilege to do so, and his heart beat high with hope. Little did he know of the extent of pig-headed stupidity natural to the two members of the English aristocracy who respectively commanded and led that charge.

A clear, sharp voice was soon heard in front of the brigade, now formed in three lines.

Lord Lucan rode away to the "Heavies," and Nolan galloped round to the rear to the left of the brigade, as the sharp voice cried:

"Light brigade, forward—trot—march!"

In a moment the front line was away, as steady as if on parade, at a rapid trot, following an erect gentleman, mounted on a chestnut thoroughbred, and wearing tight scarlet trousers and a blue fur-trimmed jacket, the front a perfect blaze of gold.

The erect gentleman was as slender in figure, as alert in gesture as a boy of twenty and yet that man was fifty-seven years old, and the Earl of Cardigan himself.

But hardly had they started when Nolan uttered a cry of astonishment and rage.

"Good God? are the fools going to charge down the valley?" he shouted.

Then, setting spurs to his horse, he dashed out of his place and galloped madly across the front, waving his sword.

"Where are you going, my lord?" he shouted. "That is not Lord Raglan's order. Change front to the right! This way! This way! The batteries on the ridge!"

Lord Cardigan was as hot-tempered in his way as Lord Lucan. The audacity of an officer presuming to cross his front was enough. For that officer to address his brigade was an additional insult. He spoke not a word, but pointed grimly forward with his sword. Nolan's words were lost in the thunder of hoofs, and all that was seen was his figure crossing the front and wildly gesticulating, pointing to Causeway Ridge.

Then the Russian batteries opened. There was a flash, a boom, and a second flash in the air, a little cloud of white smoke, and a loud spang! as the first shell burst in the faces of the trotting line. Poor Nolan threw up his arm with a fearful shriek, and fell back in his saddle, stone dead, struck through the heart. With a low groan of rage the rushing horsemen quickened their pace, and dashed on, at a wild gallop, into the valley of death.

The secret of Balaklava perished with Nolan.

A THRILLING EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF BUFFALO BILL.—Buffalo Bill was at Hartford, Conn., the other day, and while visiting Colt's armory the large number of spectators who had assembled to see the famous scout desired him to favor them with an exhibition of his skill as a marksman. Bill gave the chew of tobacco in his mouth to a small boy to keep warm, a small piece of white paper was put up on a barn door fifty rods distant, B. William seized a fine, new rifle, spit on his hands, and in the manner so often described by Ned Buntline raised the rifle until his nose rested on the stock, fired, and a picket was knocked off from a fence ten feet to the left of the barn. "This rifle-barrel is crooked," said Bill. So saying he hit it over a stone to straighten it, then shot again, this time barking the shin of an old pie-woman on his right flank. A third trial, and he hit the barn fair in the centre, and the shout that arose from the assemblage attested the joy of the spectators at his success. Bill is just as good an actor as he is a marksman, which is very remarkable in these days of corruption and bribery.—*Danbury News.*

A lady wished a seat. A portly, handsome gentleman brought one and seated the lady. "Oh! you're a jewel," said she. "Oh! no," he replied; "I'm a jeweler. I have just set the jewel."

A man writing poetically of the weather, says, "The backbone of Winter is broken, but the tail wags yet occasionally."

The following is extracted from a smart boy's composition on "babies:" "The mother's heart gives 4th joy at the baby's 1st 2th."

Why are the Queen's pastry cooks like the Canadas?—Because they are the Queen's doughminions.

Be decisive or mild, as the circumstances in which you are placed may require. Suit your conduct to the occasion.

THE DUTCHMAN'S INSURANCE POLICY.

A good story is told of a German by the name of Smidt, who had taken the precaution to insure the life of his wife for $5,000, and his stable for $900, believing the former might die and the latter be burnt, and he could not get along without some compensation for the loss. Both policies had been taken from the same agent. In a few months after the stable had been insured it was destroyed by fire. Smidt quietly notified the agent, and hinted to him that he would expect the $900 at the earliest possible moment. The agent at once sent a carpenter to ascertain the cost of erecting a new stable of the same dimensions, having ascertained that the property was insured for more than it was worth. The builder reported that he could replace the stable with new material for $500, but unfortunately there was an ordinance preventing the erection of frame builings—the old stable having been of wood. He was asked to estimate the cost of a brick stable, and reported the amount $750. The agent then notified Smidt that he would build him a new brick stable in place of the old frame one, but Smidt became very indignant at the proposition, saying:

"I do not understand dis insurace business. I pay you for nine hundred dollar, and when my shtable burn down you make me a new one. I not want a new shtable. I want nine hundred dollar."

The agent reasoned with Smidt, but all to no purpose. When the stable was about finished Smidt went to consult a lawyer, thinking he could still get the amount of the policy, beside having the new stable.

The lawyer, however, informed him that the company had a right to make good the loss by building a new stable, and expressed surprise at his bringing suit against them.

"But," said Smidt, "I insure for nine hundred dollar, and dis feller put up dem shtable for seven hundred and fifty dollar—I do not understand de insurance business."

Finding that he could not compel the payment by law, he became disgusted with the insurance business altogether. Calling upon the agent, Smidt said:

"Mr. Agent, I vant you to stop de insurance on mine vife. I do not pay any more monish dat way: I not understand dis insurance business."

Agent surprised: "Why Mr. Smidt you are doing a very foolish thing. You have paid considerable upon this already, and if your wife should die, you will get $5000."

"Yah, dat ish vat you tell me now," said Smidt. "Ven I pays you on my shtable, you say I get nine hundred dollars if it burnt down. So it was burnt, and you not give me mine monish. You say, O, dat was an old frame shtable, and you not pay me mine nine hundred dollar. Ven mine vife dies, den yo say to me, O, she vash an old Dutch woman; she not wort anydings; I get you a new English vife! And so I lose mine five tousand dollars. You not fool Smidt again. I not understand dis insurace business."

A BOY WHO FOUND A HOME.—The Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting at Atlanta, for the benefit of the orphan asylum and free school of that city, related the following anecdote:

A poor little boy on a cold night, with no house or roof to shelter his head, no paternal or maternal guardian, or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached at nightfall the home of a wealthy planter, who took him in, and fed and lodged him, and sent him on his way with his blessing. These kind attentions cheered his heart and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled on, Providence led him on and he reached the legal profession. His host had died; the cormorants that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estates. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy long before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulous of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motive connected with the profession. He undertook her case with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estate was secured to her in perpetuity, and Mr. Stephens added with an emphasis of emotion that sent an electric thrill through the house, "That boy stands before you."

A man advertises for a competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine—and adds that it will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker."

SARDINE FISHING.

As the name indicates, this little fish, so popular for lunches, was at first taken in the waters bordering upon the island of Sardinia. The demand exceeding the supply, other fish besides the true sardine (Clupea Sardina) are captured and treated in the same way, and are sold in the markets of Europe and America.

The "Clupea Sardina" is found in the Mediterranean and in the waters of the Atlantic near the coasts of Spain and Portugal, but not so far north as the French coast. The chief fishery for "sardines" is upon the coast of Bretagne, in the west of France.—The fish are not the true sardines, but pilchard or sprats; none but practiced judges can tell the difference when the boxes are opened.

The "Clupea," a term for the herring family, includes pilchards as well as the true sardines. The pilchard fishermen aim to secure the young fish, as those fully grown are too large for the boxes. The true sardines have attained their full growth. In habit as well as in general appearance the two tribes are similar.

The fish when taken are first washed, then salted a little, then thoroughly cleansed and washed again, after which they are spread out on frames of light willow or wire-work, and exposed to the sun and wind. They are then boiled a while in olive oil, and put in boxes, with oil to fill up.

The usual mode of capturing these fish is by the large net called a seine, a name which comes down to us from ancient Greeks (Greek, *sunaun*; Latin, *sagena*). The corks of the superior line serve as buoys, while the leads or weights of the sinker line secure to the net a perpendicular position in face of the shoal. Often the men of two boats manage one large seine, each drawing one end, and sweeping the water with it for some considerable distance.

Women as well as men engage in the sprat fishery, off the coasts of Bretagne. This is for the most part a winter work, while that for sardines proper is carried on chiefly in May, June and July.

When a shoal appears, a bait, consisting of the spawn of large fish, much of which is brought from Norway, is thrown over to keep myriads together. The shoals of herring or of sprats are very capricious in their movements; why they should be now here and in half an hour far away, no mortal can divine. We are equally at a loss to tell why in some seasons they approach certain coasts and headlands and absent themselves at other times. Many foolish notions have prevailed as to the cause of the disappearance of shoals from waters which they were wont to frequent.—The firing of cannon on ship or shore is thought by some to account for their absence. A newly-installed clergyman whose parish bordered upon the ocean, having said he meant to tithe the product of the sea, this injudicious remark was believed to have such an effect upon the finny tribes that for many years they kept away from those coasts.

THE SKULL OF SHAKSPERE.

A certain French Baron, whose scientific tastes led him to collect the skulls of celebrated persons, one day received a visit from a man with whom he was accustomed to deal.

"What do you bring me here?" asked the Baron, as the man carefully unwrapped an enveloped package.

"The skull of Shakspeare."

"Impossible."

"I speak the truth, Monsieur le Baron. Here is proof of what I say." said the dealer, producing some papers.

"But," replied the Baron, drawing aside the curtain which concealed his own singular collection, I "already possess that skull."

"He must have been a rogue who sold you that," was the remark of the honest dealer.

"Your father," said the Baron in a mild tone, "he sold it to me about twenty-nine years ago."

The broker was for a moment disconcerted, then explained, with vivacity:

"I comprehend. Be good enough to observe the small dimensions of the skull on your shelf. Remark the narrow occiput, the undeveloped forehead where intelligence is still mute. It is Shakspeare to be sure, but Shakspeare as a child about twelve or fourteen years old, whereas this is that of Shakspeare when he had attained a certain age, and had become the great genius of which England is so justly proud."

The Baron bought the second head.

A Frenchman writing in the *Journal Pour Tours* says: "Respect for women requires us never to doubt a word of what she utters; self-respect requires us never to believe a word of what she says."

The late Samuel F. Brown, of Cincinnati, left by his will $150 to found a university. It is strange he didn't think to leave a similar amount to pay off the national debt.

With those who are of a gloomy turn of mind, be reserved; with the idle, be cheerful; with the old, be serious; with the young be merry.